



# The olde Bride, OR The gilded Beauty.

To a dainty new tune.



**N**ot morning red  
nor blushing fair,  
No through your glasse  
of curtaine spide:  
But cloudy gray,  
like the hoist haire  
Of yon old euer  
lasting Wyde.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
In the nonage of time,  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

Whole stowthy eye  
Electaphalia lips,  
Are sunke to mummy  
in her chin,  
Whole gums are empty,  
and her lips  
like eyelesse baire,  
and as thin:

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
In the nonage of time,  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
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For amazons sighs  
which Virgins vse,  
She coughs aloud  
through lungs decayd,  
And with her palke  
cannot chuse  
But quake like trembling  
of a maide:

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

If that her Bridgemaide  
be ill sped,  
She's not the first  
that hath bene sad:  
For he's the last  
belke to her bed,  
Of seven before  
that she hath had.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
In the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

But should her husband  
then bere beauen,  
Or for a plenteous  
offspring beg?  
Since all the issue  
can be given,  
Is that which runneth  
in her leg.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

Of losing her  
there is no doubt,  
Nor need you aske  
where she doth dwell:  
For you may easily  
sent her out,  
As bounds do finde  
their game by th' smell.

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The second part, To the same tune.



**H**er nose and chin  
are now grown  
to meet together (friends,  
longing)

From danger these  
her mouth defends,  
So near they toyne  
in unity.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

Her painting serves  
her turne no more,

Her face is like  
a win's wall

What hath so oft  
been platter'd oze,  
With age at length  
it needs must fall.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

Her husband hath  
no cause to brag,  
(As many doe  
through leachery)

That any will  
besiege his bed,  
There's none will do  
such charity.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
she was in her prime.

What hath been spoken  
is not meant

Any old woman  
to disgrace,

But she who is  
to marriage bent,  
When death's character's  
in her face.

So old,  
So wondrous old,  
in the nonage of time  
Ere Adam wore a beard  
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**F I N I S.**

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